



HEART POEMS..

—BY—

Harry Spillman Riggs.





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Harry
HARRY - SPILLMAN - RIGGS.


—
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THE AUTHOR.



Jean Arnold's
2-2-30-H. L. W.

Krazy Crystals.
dog at the gate
whether it's a boy or girl

Dedication....

To those who have so kindly encouraged me in my literary efforts,
I dedicate this book.

HARRY SPILLMAN RIGGS.

Speed on thy way,

Nor stay

To note the critic's frown,—

To heed the flatterer's smile;

But if in some sad heart

Thou canst smite sorrow down,

Then tarry there awhile.

Don't Let Your Song

**Die
Down.**

No matter how the winds may blow,
Or how life's storms may rage;
No matter how affairs may go,
In youth or life's old age;
If this advice you all will heed,
Your sorrows you can drown:—
When you are sad, or in sore need,
Don't Let Your Song
Die
Down.

I know we all have cloudy days,
That times of darkness come;
I know that life has thorny ways,
That only cares have some;—
But still I tell you as a friend,
E'en tho' the whole world frown,
Keep heart, and hope until the end,
Don't Let Your Song

Die
Down.

The world will wag when we are gone,
Our life is short at best;
Just let the brood of toil plod on,
And let the merry jest.
But you my friends, where'er you live,
In country-side or town—
Heed this advice I freely give,
Don't Let Your Song

Die
Down.

Behind the clouds the sun still shines,
Tho' dark the day may seem;
A silver sheet the cloud-rift lines,
And all may see the gleam—
If this advice you'll closely heed:
E'en tho' the whole world frown,
No matter how your heart may bleed,
Don't Let Your Song

Die
Down.

What if the tune be sad and low,
Or bright and glad and gay?
What if the time be quick or slow,
If it drive dull care away?
Take this advice, you'll find it worth
More than a kingly crown—
More than a half of all the earth,
Don't Let Your Song

Die
Down.

The Old Year.

Like a garment worn and old,
Which we fold and lay away;—
Like the aged man who goes
At the close of Life's long day,
To enjoy well earned repose,
To receive his well earned pay;—
Like a story that is told,
Told alike to sad and gay,
So the old year, bent with age,
With his long beard hoary white,
Has now vanished from life's stage,
Like some spectre born of night.
Ah, what memories cluster round
The Old Year which now has flown,
Of the pleasures we have found,
Of the sorrows we have known!
They are written on a leaf,
Blotted, blurred, and far from white;
They are bound up in a sheaf,
Tares and wheat—the wrong and right.

The New Year.

Like the morning sun that shines
In his glory and his pride;—
Like the strong young man who comes
Bringing home his blushing bride:—
Like the hopeful youth who knows
Only happiness in life,
Shedding sunshine where he goes,
Driving out discord and strife;
So the New Year comes again,
Bringing with it joy and light,—
Comes to poor despairing men,
Lifts them out of sorrow's night.
The New Year bids us try again,
If we have made blunders sore,
That have brought us grief and pain,—
Bids us write on one leaf more.
Let us write with greatest care,
Lest we blot the now clean page,—
Let us keep Life's record fair,
Then will joys increase with age.

The Old Fashioned Home.

There's an old fashioned house
In a quiet shady grove,
Where the music of the birds fill all the air;
There's an old broken gate
By the old mud road,
And the signs of fast decay are everywhere.
There's an old white-haired woman sitting
there,
She's darning a pair of old fashioned hose,
There's an old fashioned cap on her snow
white head,
And she's dressed in old fashioned clothes.

There's an old eight-day clock
On the bare white-washed wall,
With its slowly moving pendulum and hands
There's an old wooden shelf
O'er the broad fire place,
With its old fashioned kettles, pots and pans.
There's the old woman's husband sitting
there,
He's dreaming of the days gone by;
May he live yet many years with his kind
old wife,
May no sorrow ever come to cause a sigh.

There's an old faded carpet
On the old fashioned floor,
It was woven in an old fashioned loom,
There's an old broken latch
On the old brown door,
In the corner stands an old fashioned broom;
There's an old fashioned bible close at hand,
And an old fashioned hymn-book lying by—
They have sung the sweet old songs, lo,
these many, many years,
May they sing them when together up on
high.



What?

A little word indeed, but still with meaning big,
And fraught with hidden possibilities so great.

On how 'tis answered so much may depend,
So much involving your whole life's estate.

A little word indeed, but to each one it comes

As looking out on life you see before,
Oceans of opportunities you can grasp
For good or bad, when you have left youth's shore.

You look ahead and view the prospect broad
Stretching far out into the eternal realm,
And as you step upon life's freighted bark,
You seize, as many do, your own ship's helm.

Which way you sail you know not, nor can know;

You only know that distant ports exist
Where you must touch—the ports of life
You cannot see, as sailing through life's mist

These are the ports where you must stop,
And none of them have harbors sure and strong,

In which your barks can safely rest awhile.
That you might wish your stopping to prolong.

There is temptation's port, where billows wildly roll,

The shores are treacherous and the rocks are low
Beneath the surface of life's sea—beware!
Your bark to pieces on the rocks may go.

The siren's song is heard, it lures you on,
But do not land—put out to sea,
Lest landing there you lose your soul,
And find yourself no longer pure and free.

You see the glitter and the glare of lights,
You hear sweet music swelling on the
breeze,
But do not land, lest landing there
The giant Moloch should your soul and
body seize.

The gambler's haunt, the low, vile den of
vice
Invites you at temptations port to land,—
But sail on, sail on, oh mariner on life's sea,
Let not ill gotten gain e'er stain your hand

Then there is sorrow's port, a dismal town,
The very shores send out a mournful
strain;
You land and bury there some hope, some
love,
But tarry not—put forth to sea again.

You sail away beneath a clouded sky,
But soon the sunshine glints, across the
blue
Of life's great ocean, and you wonder
Where next life's winds will drive you to.



"Which way you sail, you know not, nor can know."

And looking out across the wide expanse,
You see a land of fairest, sweetest flowers;
'Tis pleasure's port!—you steer for land,
You anchor there, and while away the
hours.

But even here you may not always dwell,
Life's ocean is full broad, and you must
sail
To other ports, some good, some bad—
Must traverse still the deep, in calm and
gale,

Until at last you reach the straits of death,
Those dark and treacherous narrows none
can cross
Without some pilot at the helm to steer,
Lest standing on its sands you suffer loss.

Oh youth,—about to sail life's ocean deep
and wide,
What is your choice? To sail and aim-
less roam,
Or having Christ and noble purpose at the
helm,
To glide at last safe into rest and home?

His Mother's Song.

This operatic music

May all be very fine,

With its tra-la-las an' screeches,

But I don't want none in mine.

It's a leetle hi-fer-lutin'

Fer a man 'ats old like me,

An' a song comes nearder suitin',

If it's simple, plain an' free.

I don't understan' yer latin,

An' yer Spanish fandangos,

An' yer German an' Italian,

An' what else Lord only knows.

It's beyond my comprehension—

I'm a plain, old fashioned man,

An' I can't git my attention

'Tracted to it like youngsters can.

Now I've sot here tryin' to listen

To yer operatic air

That you've jest been a singin',

But somehow my mind warn't there;

But it wandered back in fancy

Some sixty year or more,

To the songs my mother used to sing

About the glory shore.

Her voice warn't cultivated

Like they train 'em now-a-days,

An' she somehow warn't posted

On yer modern stylish ways

Of trillin' an' tremoloin'

An' of rollin' up yer eyes,

An' hollerin' like you'us goin'

To rend the vaulted skies.

But somehow her singin' tecthed me

As no other singin' does,

An' I've allus thought no music

Is as sweet as mother's wus,—

As she sung the sweet old pieces
Of the happy home above,
An' the time when death releases
Us fer endless joys and love.

What's that song you're singin' darter?
"Rock of Ages cleft fer me!"
That's the way she used to sing it,
But not quite so light an' free—
Sing a leetle slower darter,
Now—that sounds more nearder right;
Seems to me that song had or'ter
Bring the hardest sinner light,

How I wish that she could jine you
In that song she used to sing:
"Rock—of—Ages—cleft—fer—me,—
Simply—to—thy—cross—I—cling."
But she's singin' sweeter music
In her happy home above,
An' I hope someday we'll jine her
In her swellin' songs of love.

The New Knighthood.

[Inscribed to Knights of Pythias.]

On Britain's Isle long years ago,
The armored Knights who knew no fear,
At joust and tournament would show
Their skill with sword and lance and
spear.

* * * * *

That was the morning dawn,
This is the noontide sun,
That age of chivalry is gone,
A nobler era has begun.

More noble are our aims by far
Than ever made their bosoms heave,
They happiness and homes would mar,
We sickness and distress relieve.

Our warfare is not with the sword,
No bloody sceptre do we sway,
But loving act and kindly word
Are weapons which we use today.

He who would soothe the aching brow,
Or cool the fever parching tongue,
Is looked upon with honor now,
And he shall hear his praises sung.

Not always those who on the field,
Do battle for the cause they love,—
Not always those who bravely wield
The sword have choice of home above;

But all who for the cause of right,
Uplift the voice and raise the hand,
Are with true knightly honors crowned,
And with their peers can proudly stand.

Go forward then, ye modern knights,
And be ye chivalrous indeed;
He who for truth and virtue fights,
Shall one day wear the victor's mead.

Care for the sick with loving hand,
Watch with the dying in that hour,
Then will your Knightly Pythian band
Increase in honor and in power.

With tender hands entomb the dead,
Care for the lonely ones who weep;
Then when death's pillow bears thy head,
May calm and peaceful be thy sleep.

And in the happy home above,
When the Eternal God shall give
Reward to those whom He doth love,
May thine be to forever live.

The Poisoned Cup.

Our fathers used to tell us

One dram would do no harm;
That in summer it would cool us off,
And in winter keep us warm.

But of late years, I've been thinking
We would all be better off
If we'd hear the voice of reason,
And never touch the poisoned stuff.

I don't suppose one dram would hurt us,
That's not where the trouble lies;
You see, one dram calls for another,
And ere we know it, reason flies.

Then some awful deed of mischief
Caps the climax of our woe—
Down we fall from rank and honor,
And to utter ruin go.

Still our fathers used to tell us
That a dram would do us good;
But considering that it's poison,
I don't well see how it could.

Maybe you don't think it's poison,
This red, fiery stuff men drink;
But if 'tis not, then why do drunkards,
Into the grave so quickly sink?

Why do men, once strong and hearty
Fall as victims to its power,—
(For statistics plainly tell us
That it kills them, ten an hour,)

If it is not deadly poison,
Burning out men's very lives
Gnawing at their very vitals
And crazing him who long survives?

Yes, I'm sure they were mistaken,
These good fathers long since gone;
Let us hear the voice of reason,
And let the poison cup alone.

Lo! The Fields Are White To Harvest.

"Lo! The fields are white to harvest,"

Said the Master when below,
As the ripening grain was waving
In Judea, long ago.

Stand no longer idly saying,
"Master, what am I to do?"
When the fields are white to harvest,
And the laborers are so few.

Lo! The fields are white to harvest,
Will you be content with leaves?
Will you meet God empty handed,
When you might bring golden sheaves?

Lo! The fields are white to harvest,
Let us reap them with the truth;
Some may reap, and some be gleaners,
As of old was faithful Ruth.

Lo! The fields are white to harvest,
Hear the Master's call today;
Stand no longer idly waiting,
Seize your sickle and obey.

The Pilgrim Fathers' Legacy.

On the cold New England coast,
In the days of long-gone-by,
Lay a ship by the tempest tossed,
'Neath a cheerless wintry sky.
It was the good "Mayflower,"
Which bore our Fathers o'er
From beneath a tyrant's power,
To Columbia's open door.

They came as sent of God,
To seek a peaceful land,
And to break the unplowed sod
Of a country strangely grand;
They came—these sons of toil,
To seek not wealth nor fame,
From duty they would not recoil—
For conscience' sake they came.

What tongue can tell what they endured,
What bitter pains they knew,
That they might hold what they'd procured
And to their trust prove true?
Still firm they stood, this sturdy band
Unmoved by fear of foe,
Until they saw as by God's hand,
A great free nation grow.

Now, every nation bows before
Our flag, the stripes and stars;
And now no threatening cloud of woe
Our sunshine ever mars.
America,—Land of the free,
Thy honor we'll defend:
That thy name may respected be
Shall be our aim,—our end.

The Two Banners.

Ho! ye people! See Rum's banner
Waving in the sky;
Telling to the world of victory,
See them lift it high!

See the whiskey hosts advancing,
Satan leading on;
See our youth before them falling,
Pride and manhood gone.

In the name of right we'll battle,
Tho' the fight be long;
On ye people! we shall triumph
O'er this mighty wrong.

On ye people! To the conflict!
Let your voices ring;
Work for temperance 'till this banner
To the ground we bring.

* * * *

Ho! ye people! See love's banner
Waving proud and high
Their's has fallen, our's has risen,
Lift it to the sky.

Pride—A Query.

Pride! Ah, what art thou;
That thus thou can'st deceive
The human heart?
Whence is thy power to wield
O'er our frail natures thy strong spell,
Thy cunning art?
Poor mortals we,
When thus we're led aside
From virtue's way;
But thou, in thy strong might,
Dost weave around our hearts a subtle web
From day to day.
Can we not guard our hearts
From thy corrupting law,
Thy fearful sway?
Must we with meek submission,
Yield into thy hands our better natures,
Leave the path of right—
(In error stray?

Memories Of Bethany.

It was a glorious meeting
At Bethany this year,
Where the saints had come together
To give each other cheer;
To extend sweet christian greetings
And plan for the year to come;
But the meetings now are over,
And the folks have all gone home.

Gone to their fields of labor
To work with strength renewed;
Gone back from the Bethany meetings
With the spirit of Christ imbued;
Gone back to tell the lost ones
To come, and no longer roam,
For the meetings now are over,
And the folks have all gone home.

How the missionaries fired us
With a longing to do more
For the unsaved Christless millions
Than we e'er had done before;
How Miss Jessie Brown inspired us
With her gentle words and pure,
To live closer to the Savior
And the cross for him endure.

There we heard the gifted Zollars,
Ever fresh and new and bright,
Tell the preachers of their duties,
And of course, he told them right.
There we heard the "meteor" Muckly,
Tell of churches in the west,
Struggling on without a shelter,
And how we could help them best.

And we need not speak of others
Who to all are much endeared,
Who were present at the meetings,
And the Bethany family cheered.

There were some who were not present
Whom we've seen in former years,
Some who've crossed the stormy river
Leading from this vale of tears.

Ah, how sweet are all these meetings,
And these partings—ah, how sad;
Only in the Heavenly city
Will we constantly be glad;
In the tent or in the cottage,
In the years that are to come,
Will we see the same dear faces,
Or will some be gathered home?

Yes, our hearts have their misgivings,
Shall we meet these friends again?
Some perhaps will cross the river,
Who will fill their places then?
Yes, we feel a little lonely,
And the tears unbidden come,
For the meetings now are over,
And the folks have all gone home.

Acrostic.

Peace on Earth,
Each angel said,
A Savior now is born;
Raise anthems sweet,
Let all repeat,
Endless shall be our morn.

Round Him men came,
Inquired his name,
Glorious songs they raise;
Gold, frank-incense and myrrh they brought
Sounding their notes of praise.

Educate The Children.

A million a year for missions
Is little enough to give,
To send the sweet, sweet Gospel,
To those who in darkness live.
But how to raise the money?
And echo answers—"how?"
Why educate the children,
And in ten years from now,
A million a year for missions
Will out from our coffers flow.

The older folks are hardened
Against the appeals we make,
In early youth they were not trained
To give for Jesus' sake.
But the little hearts so tender,
Are stirred when they hear the plea,
And freely give their pennies
To make the heathen free.
Just educate the children, friends,
And in ten years you'll see,

You'll see strong men and women
 Who have up from childhood grown,
 Giving their tens and hundreds,
 That the heathen may Christ enthrone
 Both Lord and King in their new-cleansed
 hearts,
 Made clean by the Gospel of Grace;
 The older folks are dying off,
 And the children must take their place.
 Just educate the childern, friends,
 And light will the darkness chase.

* / * * * *

But I hear you ask the question,
 "How shall we do this thing?"
 Just listen and I will tell you
 How the children you can bring
 Up to that point of earnestness,
 That they'll make the welkin ring;
 "Begin at home?" yes, that is good;
 "And teach them to read?" Of course;
 But send them to the Sunday School,
 Where at the fountain head—the source,
 You can educate the children,
 And you'll find them a mighty force.

The Deacon's Trouble.

I've come aroun' to see yer, Parson,
 'Bout some doin's at the church,
 The youngsters is sort o' runnin' things,
 An' I'm left in the lurch.
 I've been a-watchin' of 'em lately,
 An' I've come up here to say
 That I'm powerful onwillin'
 To see things goin' on this way.

Now when I fust jined the meetin',
 Nigh onto forty year ago,
 Singin' hymns wus all the fashion,
 An' we sung 'em good an' slow;
 Then the Parson used to line 'em
 In the good old fashioned way,
 An' we didn't up an' sing 'em
 Like they do now, light and gay.

An' when the deacons took the c'lection,
 It was a solem' sort o' thing,—
 An' while the hats was passed aroun'
 We'd all jine in an sing;

So's if a man warn't in fer givin'
He could sing right straight ahead,
An as the rest wus doin' likewise
There warn't nothin to be said.

But now they play the organ
When the c'lection's bein' took,
An' the entire congregation
Don't do nothin' but jest look.
An' if a man don't throw in
Jest as liberal as he might,
Why they nudge each other in the ribs
An' say his heart aint right.

Then they've gone an' put a carpet down,
So's that a man can't take
A little chawin' in his mouth
To help him keep awake.
An' they've got the winders colored
And they've made it sort o' dark,
That's a trick the youngsters played us
So's we couldn't see 'em spark.

You'll excuse me Mister Parson,
But I've been a Deacon here,
(An' I've tried to be a good one too)
Fur over twenty year;
An it sort o' hurts my feelin's
When I see the reckless way,
That the young folks is a runnin' things
In this enlightened day.

But I guess that I kin stand it,
Tho' it's hard, I must allow,
To compare things as they used to be
With what I find 'em now;
An' mind I aint complainin'
Ner nothin' of that kind,
But I jest want to let the youngsters know
That us old folks aint quite blind.

Treasures.

The aged father, but with years,
Slowly and feebly totters on,
Abiding his time till Christ appears,
Then somebody's treasure will be gone.
But no one should murmur, his mission is
filled,
He has lived out his three-score and ten;
And the spirit so tired with climbing the
hill,
After death will be youthful again.

Then we look at the mother, so patient, so
kind,
All her locks are now silvered with gray;
And these, with her feebleness tend to re-
mind
That no earthly treasure will stay.
But mother is willing, she'll not fear the
storm,
The thought of departing to her is not
hard,
For God gave to mother a work to perform,
And now she is waiting to gain her
reward.

But death does not stop with the parents
we love,
It may be a sister lies low,
If 'tis true, and God calls her to come up
above,
Tho' we will not, our sister must go;
But whether parent or brother, sister or
friend,
We miss them, our hearts are left lone,
And we long for the time when our souls
shall ascend
To the city of light, where our treasures
have flown.

But when God takes the little one, spotless
and pure,
And bears her away
To his palace of day,
If the Bible is true, if the promise is sure,
We've a treasure in heaven that fades not
away.

The Prettiest Song.

Prettiest song I ever heard?—
Well now, lemme think a spell;
Fer I've heard a heap o' songs,
An' it's kind o' hard to tell
Which one struck me best.
But I think a little song
That I heard a mother wunst
Singin' to her little child,
As she clasped him to her breast,
Wus perhaps the prettiest. —
Her voice wus gentle, soft and mild,
Full o' sweetness an' content,
As she rocked him to an' fro—
As she rocked an' sung so low,
Till the little feller went
Off to sleep, an' rest.

Yes, I've heard a heap o' songs,
All the latest and the best,
But that mother's lullaby
Wus, I'm sure, the prettiest.
An I've often wished since then,
That I wus a little child,
Clasped so clost to mother's breast,
Sheltered there from storms so wild, —
Folded in her lovin' arms,
Soothed from every childish fear,
Sleepin' as she'd sweetly sing:
"Rest my child, your mother's near."

Easter.

How dark the day when Jesus died,
How dreadful were the thunders then,
How earth did quake, how lightning flashed
When he, the truest friend of men,
Was crucified.

What trembling hands stretched forth to
him,
As hanging there upon the tree,
His followers saw him suffer so;
To set a world of sinners free,
For this he died.

They laid him in a rock-ribbed tomb,
They rolled the stone up to the door;
A Roman guard, a Roman seal—
What man could hope to see him more,
Or hear his voice.

* * * * *
But on the "First day of the week,"
The third day of his sleep within the
grave;
He burst the bars of death and proved
Himself God's son, with power to save —
And we rejoice.

"Go."

Go preach Christ to all creation,
Tell the news to all the world,
Let the banner be unfurled,
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
And peace shall reign in every nation.

Go preach Christ to all creation,
Tell the news to young and old;
Be ye courageous and bold,
Bringing wanderers to the fold,
And peace shall reign in every nation.

Go preach Christ to all creation,
There our marching orders are,
Bidding us to holy war
With sin, though it be near or far—
And peace shall reign in every nation.

The Heathen's Need.

Hark! A wail comes from the distance!

List! The cry comes back again!

'Tis the wail of heathen nations,

Shall their calling be in vain?

Listen now to what the're saying

In their cry so full of pain;

As they call out from their darkness,

Where they're bound in error's chain.

"Send the Gospel to us faster,"

Hear you not the Heathen's cry?

Grant the boon we meekly ask for,

Do not pass us longer by.

You have heard that Christ, your Master,

Bade you send to all the word,

Bade you tell to all the message,

Can it be you have not heard?

"Know you not that we are dying?

Care you not our souls to save?

Why do you withhold the message,

When for it we humbly crave?

Send the Gospel to us faster,

We are dying in our sins;

You can save our souls from ruin,

Here your charity begins."

Yes, they're calling; you have heard them!

Now my friends what will you do?

See, the fields are white to harvest,

But the laborers—Oh, how few;

Up, my friends! Be up and doing

For the cause while yet 'tis day;

Let each one of us be willing

To help bear the news away.

If Christ gave his life for missions,

Suffered death upon the tree,

Then endured death's dark prisons —

Did all this to make us free;

Ought not we from out our plenty,

Give for this work something more

Than a mite from all our treasures,

Than the crumbs from off our floor?

Then awake! Oh sleeping christian,

Follow Christ, God's only son;

It is not a time for resting,

When so much is not yet done;

If you care not for the lost ones

You are living yet in sin.

For you would be sure to love them,

If you had Christ's love within.

Yes, they're calling. Listen! Hear them!

Hear their cry from out the gloom!

'Send the Gospel to us faster,

Come and free us from our doom.

Come and tell us of that Jesus

Who has died poor souls to save;

Come and point our souls up higher

Than the cold and silent grave."

Christians you have heard them calling,

Do your duty, live for good;

Send the poor benighted people

That which to the soul is food.

Do not now withhold your offering,

God demands it at your hands;

Send the Gospel faster, faster!

Speed it on to heathen lands.

Mammoth Cave.

INSCRIBED TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE MANAGEMENT.

Dark and dismal, cold and cheerless,

Silent as the lonely grave,

Full of deep and awful mystery,

Is Kentucky's Mammoth Cave;

Mighty domes with starry ceilings,

Deepest pits so damp and drear,

Fill the heart of the explorer

With a nameless dread and fear.

Miles and miles of death-like stillness,

Miles and miles of treacherous way,

Far below the earth's green surface,

Far removed from light of day.

Who can solve the awful mystery

Which surrounds this cavern grand?

Who can tell us how it came here?

No one; for by God 'twas planned

In the world's remotest ages,
Long ere history began
To be carved on stony pages,
By the skillful hand of man;

In the pre-historic centuries,
Long before in Eden's bowers,
Adam and his fair companion
Plucked the fairest, richest flowers;

In the days when God was rearing
Mountains high from out the seas;
In the days when barren deserts
Were made to grow the giant trees;

In the days when mighty earthquakes,
With convulsive heaves upreared
Rock-ribbed hills in pleasant valleys,
Then it was this cave appeared.

Why 'twas placed there, who can answer?
Were there demons in those days,
Who must needs to be imprisoned
For mischievous, wicked ways?

Or was this cave a mighty storehouse,
Where were kept the precious ores,
Hidden until God should need them
To transplant them to all shores?

Or was this cave some council chamber,
Where in earth's glad, happy morn,
Plots and plans for man's destruction
Were conceived and then hell-born?

Or did God construct this cavern,
That awe-stricken men might shout,
"How marvelous are thy works, O God!
And thy ways past finding out"!

Down South.

Down South
Where birds sing,
And flowers grow,
And folks come and stay
 All day,—
Just come and bring
Their families and visit right,
And don't hitch up and go
Till milking time at night;
Why, that's the place for me.

Down South
Where sun shines,
And summer stays,
And grasses grow so tall
 They fall,—
And ivy vines
Cling to the trees, and bloom, and twine
Around a dozen ways;—
O would that it were mine
To live there light and free.

Down South
At even tide,
When shadows fall
Across the streams that flow
 So slow;—
'Tis joy to ride
Upon the limpid waters clear,
Beneath the waving trees so tall,
And from the fragrant groves to hear
Some song-bird's melody.

In the Sweet Now and Now.

PARODY ON SWEET BY AND BY.

Oh the world's full of sorrow and care,
And this life's dark enough at the best,
But the Savior our sorrows will share,
From life's burdens he giveth us rest.

Let us heed the sweet counsel he gives
"Take no thought for tomorrow" he says;
All our sins our dear Savior forgives,
And he numbereth all of our days.

Let us leave care and worry behind,
Let us live in the joys of today,
If we trust in his word we shall find
Jesus drives all our sorrows away.

In the sweet now and now
Let us drive every care far away;
In the sweet now and now
Let's rejoice, and be glad while we may.

Hymn.

Our Father, God, to thee we sing
Our songs of happy praise today,
For thou dost lead us on our way;
Therefore 'tis meet that we should bring
Our offerings to thy feet, and lay
Them down before thy throne,
Great God our King.

Thou watchest o'er us as we move
Through shadows deep and dark and wild,
And often thou dost say, "My child
I love thee with a Father's love."
Thou who art gentle, kind and mild,
The angels sing thy praise
In heaven above.

Thou gavest thy dear son to die,
That we redeemed from sin might be,
And from the cruel curse set free,
Therefore our songs are lifted high,
In praise, our Father, God, to thee;
The world no hope can give,
To thee we fly.

Mother's Love.

Snow flakes are scattered on her brow,
Time has plowed furrows on her cheek,
But is she not sweet and beautiful now,
Though she is old and bent and weak?
Her eyes though dim glow with radiance
bright,

Born of a love that never will fade,
Love that endures through sorrow's dark
night,

Oh can a mother's love e'er be repaid!

Hers are the lips which have kissed the
hot tears,

When some childish annoyance has
caused us to weep,

Hers are the words that have stilled all our
fears

As she tucked us 'twixt covers so warm
and so deep,

Her fond arms have borne us when fevers
hot fire

Has burned at our tissues and coursed
through our veins,

Hers is the patience that never did tire,

Hers the kind nursing that eased all our
pains.

Hers were the lips that in other days taught
Lessons so needed in childhood and
youth:—

To shun the dark places with dangers so
fraught,

To cleave to the right and to honor the
truth.

And now snow flakes are scattered on her
brow,—

Time has plowed furrows on her cheek.
But her fond love has surely taught us how
To love her, now that she is old and
weak.

Confidence.

There is never a day so dreary
But comes a ray of light;
There is never a soul so weary
Of sin, and wrong's dark night,
But can find true joy and pleasure
By letting the sunshine in,
Unalloyed and in good measure,
To dispel the gloom of sin.

There is never a heart so saddened
By sorrow or trouble or grief;
There is never a brain so maddened
By sin, but a sure relief
May be found by looking higher
Than the open grave at our feet,
May be found by coming nigher
To the fountain of joy so sweet.

Oh heart so filled with sorrow,
Oh life so tempest-tossed,
Look up—nor dread the morrow,
Thy soul shall not be lost;
For one who knows thy weakness,
And the burden thou dost bear,
Will love thee for thy weakness,
And will thy burdens share.

The Christian's Aim.

Ours is one common Master,
Ours is one common aim,
Ours is one common cause,
To conquer "In His Name."

Ours is a noble purpose,
Ours is a work of love,
To reach out to fallen sinners,
And point them to Christ above.

Nor will we faint nor falter
Until the battle's won,
Then will we hear the plaudit,
"Well done—well done—well done."

The Preacher's Mistake.

Once an inexperienced preacher
Had two calls for the same day,
One to come and preach a funeral
One the marriage words to say.

He was in a wondrous flurry,
Practiced funeral work awhile,
Then before the glass he'd practice
Wedding work in faultless style.

When the hour came for the wedding,
Our young preacher sallied forth,
Resolving he'd impress the people
With his own intrinsic worth.

Standing there before the altar,
He the marriage service read,
Then pronounced the couple married,
And turning to the audience said:

"This, my hearers, is the end
To which each who lives attains;
I will close my words of comfort,
You may now view the remains."

A Fish Story.

Sort o' think I'll go a fishin',
Now the weather's gittin' warm,
Us'ter go right after plantin'
When I lived up on the farm.

Us'ter yank 'em out like sixty
Frum the holes in Forked Crick,
Didn't have much tackle neither,
Jest a hook an' string an' stick.

Never heerd about that big un
As I ketched some year ago?
Some folks says they don't believe it,
But it's fac's, an' gospel so.

Had a little bit o' hook on,
Wusn't lookin fer a bite,
Pole I had warn't over heavy,
An' my line wus middlin' light.

But if you'd 'a' seen the whopper,—
Must 'a' weighed nigh forty pound,
Countin' by the way he let me
Come a pilin' on the ground.

When my line broke!—!—!—!

Too Bad.

When I wus a little feller
Jest about so high, er less,
I wus most ferever gettin'
Myself in an awful mess.

Oncet I hid behind the sofy
When my sister had a bo',
An' I couldn't keep from sneezin',
But jest had to let 'er go.

Jig was up, my sister ketched me,
Turned be over to my Pa,
An' he used the biggest hick'ry
On me, that you ever saw.

Then one time I went in swimmin'
On a early Aprile day,
An' 'twas purty near to Christmas
'Fore my hoarseness went away.

But what's the use o' 'numeratin',
Fer how small they all must look
Side o' this last mess I'm into,
FER I'VE GONE AND WRIT A BOOK.

With My Compliments
H. S. Riggs

